

# The JADED Cliche

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Summary: Get it? JADED? Well, I think it's funny. And I feel so special, I'm the first one to do a Discworld story. That I know of. Oh, well.

## The JADED Cliche

> <meta name="Generator"> The Jaded ClichÃ©

The \_Jaded\_ ClichÃ©

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Author's Note: Hey, no one else was doing it! Please, people, write stories about Discworld! It's so lonely here right now! And by the way, this isn't very funny, though I put it under humor. Sorry.

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A teenage girl sits at her computer, typing away.

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Once upon a time, Harry Potter -

—

Strange Voice: What are you writing about \_him\_ for?

Jade: Huh?

Strange Voice: You heard me! How come \_he\_ gets a story, when there're millions of stories about him already, but \_we\_ don't even get \_one\_?

Jade: I dunno. Who are you?

Two old women, two young women, and a wizard drop into the room around Jade.

Strange Voice (who turns out to be one of the two old ladies): I'm Granny Weatherwax, that's who! And I think it's rude of you to go around writing stories about Harry Potter when there are people like us who don't even have one measly cliché!

Jade: But I didn't even know you wanted me to write about you!

Young Woman: That's no excuse! You saw Discworld on the list of empty categories! You should've written something!

Jade: Who're you?

Young Woman: I'm Perdita X. Dream.

Granny Weatherwax glares at the young woman.

Young Woman: Ok, fine, I'm Agnes Nitt.

Other Old Woman: I should think so! Going around calling herself some foreign name, just trying to sound all posh! Why, Nanny Ogg has always been a good enough name for me!

Jade: *\*faintly\** How nice for you.

Other Young Woman: Oh, don't let them intimidate you. They just want you to write about us, that's all. *\*holds out her hand for Jade to shake\** Hi. I'm Susan. Technically, I suppose I'm your cousin.

Jade: Huh?

Susan: Oh, yes. That's why I'm here. It was supposed to be just me coming, but these witches came to make you write a cliché about them. *\*glares at Granny Weatherwax, Nanny Ogg, and Agnes\** You see, Jade, we're cousins.

Jade: You mentioned that. How can we be cousins? You're, like, Death's granddaughter.

Susan: Well, so are you.

Jade: WHAT?!?!?!?

Susan: That's right. You see, Death adopted two children, a girl and a boy. But the boy didn't want to be Death's apprentice, so he ran away, and Death took on my father. But the damage had been done. Your father left Discworld so that Death couldn't find him, and he came to another universe, Earth. He got married, and had a daughter. You.

Jade: Why didn't he tell me that?

Susan: I don't know. Is he dead?

Jade: Oh nice! yeah. That's a good reason, I guess.

Wizard: Are you through yet?

Susan: No, Rincewind, I'm not. Hush.

Rincewind: I don't like it here. Someone's going to come arrest me. I know it!

Susan: Shut up.

Jade: So you came to tell me I'm your cousin?

Susan: Sort of. See, Granddad has this little problemâ€¦

Rincewind: He's funny in the head.

Susan: \*turning on Rincewind\* He is not funny in the head!

Rincewind: Then what is it?

Susan: He just forgets who he's supposed to be, that's all.

Rincewind snorts derisively, and Susan glares at him.

Susan: Y'know, I could always find your little hourglass thing and break it!

Jade: Er, excuse me! Umâ€¦ what did you mean, he forgets who he's supposed to be?

Susan: Well, he came to Earth, looking for you, I think, andâ€¦ he got distracted.

Jade: \*suspiciously\* Distracted how?

Susan: He thinks he's the Easter Bunny.

Jade: What? But it isn't even Easter!

Susan: That's the problem. Anyway, we need your help. Everyone at Discworld is in major jeopardy!

Jade: How?

Susan: I dunno. It just sounds good. Will you help us get him back?

Jade: Do I get a choice?

Granny Weatherwax: No.

Jade: Didn't think so. In that caseâ€¦ sure, I'd be happy to help!

Rincewind: Great! Then let's go. I'm getting nervous just standing here.

Susan: All right, then. Everyone stand in a circleâ€¦

\_Author's Note: BWAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!! A cliffhanger! I have you in my power! Cower brief mortals! COWER!!!!\_ \_ \*looks around at all the people staring at her strangely\* Ok, fine, then, don't cower! See if I care! Anyway, everything but me belongs to Terry Pratchett, who is theâ€| umâ€| I think third coolest writer in the universe. (J.K. Rowling's first, then Ann McCaffrey. Sorry.) Well, if people actually read this, I'll continue. So long!\_

End  
file.